

A TRIP TO THE MASAI STEPPES

A Journey into the Land of Black Savages.

By C. NOLTE.

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SYNOPSIS.

The author was at the head of an expedition which started from Tanga, on the East African coast, to make a general survey of the country and its resources, and also to observe the character of the natives. In previous chapters he describes the march to the Kilima-Ndaro Mountains, where the expedition went into camp. The expedition split up into several smaller ones, each taking a different route, the author marching with over half of the force and the stores to Moschi. The place of rendezvous was the Masai Steppes to the southwest of the Meru Mountains.

After a two days' march I reached the village of Chief Tschangali, where I stayed a week for diplomatic reasons. Before entering the Masai Steppes I had to establish a base of supplies, as there is nothing to be obtained there except game.

After several excursions, which I undertook in the company of Tschangali, I found a suitable place to erect my station, from which the forwarding of supplies was to be controlled. I left a Somali Sergeant and six privates there, and they accomplished their task very well. The Chief sent about 100 men to clear the space around the station, and I had all under cultivation in a short time.

The natives in that part of the country build a special kind of hut. The round framework is made of straight poles or branches, and the roof is covered with tightly-packed layers of grass.

BUILDING THE STATION.

I had several large houses erected to serve as store-rooms, for collecting the banana flour, corn, beans, etc., which were weekly to be forwarded to me. These houses were built by the natives in a few days. They consisted of a wooden frame covered with banana leaves. Such houses are cool and comfortable, but they want frequent repairs, as the leaves shrink considerably under the action of the sun.

We had very hot weather, and I lost one of my Somali soldiers through sunstroke. The man was buried the same night near the station, and next morning the Somali Sergeant told me that the grave had been opened and the body removed.

I sent at once for Tschangali, and informed him about the matter. He promised to make inquiries immediately, but told me at the same time that it was the custom of his people not to bury their dead, but take them out some distance from the village and leave them a prey to the hyenas, which are plentiful in that country.

This barbarous custom prevails throughout the Kilima-Ndaro district and amongst the Wandorobos and Masai.

The superstition of these people is that a body that is not disposed of by hyenas will bring bad luck to the village.

When I had seen everything settled at the station I started for the plains, the Masai Steppes proper. After two days' march, mostly through virgin forest, we saw the sunburnt "Steppes" before us, stretching far away as the eye could reach.

THE WANDOROBOS.

That day I struck the first Wandorobo village, consisting of about 30 huts. These people are very shy, and when I got to the village I found it entirely deserted. My

Masai, which I had brought with me from Tanga, soon hunted the people up, and brought them back, assuring them that I had not come to make war on them, but just the opposite; that I wanted them to be my friends. The Wandorobos are a curious people. They do not till the soil, but simply live from hunting and eat such wild roots as grow in the Steppes. There is plenty of honey to be obtained there, and they use it to make a kind of beer, which is very palatable.

The dress of these people is very primitive. It consists of zebra or other hides. The men have their ears pierced, and put large wooden blocks in them, while the women wear copper, iron, or brass wire in coils. A big coil of wire goes round their throat, and how they can sleep with all that load of wire on them is a riddle to me. Their wrists and half-way up the elbow are also covered with wire. Contrary to the Wandachaggas, who are clean



From a photograph by the author.

GROUP OF WANDOROBO WOMEN FROM THE MASAI STEPPES.

and wash several times a day, these people seem to be shy of water, and are full of vermin.

A SAVAGE ORGY.

It was not a very pleasant task to have to get in friendly relations with them, for their odor, especially when the rain had wet their skin garments, was somewhat overpowering. They are savages in the full sense of the word.

I shall never forget my first day's hunting in the Masai Steppes, when I had all the men from that village with me. We got right in amongst a herd of Simba gazelles, and as I wanted to give the village a treat, I shot 11 gazelles, of which I gave the Wandorobos nine. They ripped open the carcasses in a twinkling, and after taking out the entrails they put their faces into the animal and greedily drank up the blood which had collected in the abdominal cavity. They fought over it and pushed each other away.

They were an ugly sight when they lifted up their faces—mouth, nose and cheeks covered with blood. The Wandorobos are vassals of the Masai. They have to hunt for them and pay them tribute. Each village has a Chief and he owns a small herd of goats and sheep, and when the Masai want any of them simply take them.

These people have some curious superstitions. They had heard that an expedition was coming to their country, and they thought that we would make war against them, so they made up their mind that we should not enter their country. Their "medicine man" gave it as his opinion that a black goat buried at the point where we would enter the country would stop our progress; in fact, it would cause certain death. I found this fact some months after, through my Masai.

A WAR DANCE.

I stayed at that village for 10 days, and had all the Chiefs of the tribe from their different villages collected. I gave them plenty of game and presents and succeeded in getting on good terms with them. On the fifth day of my stay there were about 150 men collected at that village, and, on the suggestion of one of my Masai, they intended to honor me by doing their war dance. The Masai meant it as a pleasant surprise for me, but it might have ended in a tragedy.

back for a moment and thrusting their broad-bladed long spears forward, while holding their buffalo-hide shields in the defensive position. They accompany their war dance by a song. They came quite close to me, and I must confess it was an imposing sight. Just when they were about two yards from me they halted, and it was a good thing for them they did, for I would not have stepped back to come closer, nor would I have stepped back myself.

(To be continued.)

TWO PROMINENT BOERS.

Joubert and Reitz—The Commander-in-Chief and the State Secretary.

London Mail.

Gen. Piet Joubert (Sien Piet) is perhaps the second most prominent figure among the Boers. Long-headed, shrewd, cold, and calculating, he is also a very typical Boer. He has paid two or three visits to England, and perhaps is one of the three or four in the inner Government circles in Pretoria who realize what war with England would mean. Still, he in no way lacks physical courage; he has shown that time and again. He is essentially a time-server, a trimmer, a sinner-on-the-fence. When he contested the Presidential election against Kruger, no one took his candidature very seriously; he was so obviously put up as a voice-splitter.

His religious tenets are not obstructive, and he has never been found out in any of his financial transactions. As a General in the field he is cool and clever and a thoroughly expert exponent of Boer fighting tactics, which are mainly of the "sniping" order. He has now gone to the Natal border, at Volksrust; the next best Boer commander, Cronje of Doornkop fame, being on the Marico frontier, toward Mafeking.

A man who in a quiet, unobtrusive but deadly effective way has done as much as anybody to engender bitter feelings between Boer and Britland is the present Chief Justice of the Transvaal, Judge Gregorowski.

An Orange Free State man, of Russian-Polish extraction, he was specially brought to Pretoria, inducted into the rites of full burghership, and elevated to the bench, for the purpose of sentencing the 60-odd reform prisoners after the Jameson raid. No Transvaal Judge—Kotze, Amesoff, Morrice, or Jorissen—could be trusted to be sufficiently severe, Draconian, Jeffreys-like. So they imported Gregorowski. He did his work. Not only were the sentences terribly drastic, but the method of the man in delivering the death sentences afterward computed, and his trickery in permitting a pleading of guilty to certain counts of the indictment, made the final scene at the trial one of the most terribly affecting ever witnessed in a court of justice.

The Transvaal State Secretary, Mr. Reitz, formerly President of the Orange Free State, where he succeeded but in no way profited by the example of the late lamented President Brand, is a pathetic figure. Old beyond his years—senile, almost, suffering from an incurable disease—at the back and call and entirely under the thumb of Kruger, he signs documents put before him without reading their contents; or, if reading them, not understanding what they are about. A shiftless politician; not rich as are others in high office, because he came to the Transvaal too late, and most of the pickings were picked. Besides, he is passing on, and almost an old gentleman, to boot. His sphere is the almost empty "diamond" pension. He hugs superstitious on the stage.

No Trouble About Cholly.

Chicago Tribune.

Cholly—What qualifications must a fellow have to join your club, old chap? Old Chappie—He's got to have either content or money. Have you got any money? Cholly—Yes; lots of it. Old Chappie—You'll get through all right.

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IN THE LIBRARY.

Dedicated to Hon. Ainsworth R. Spofford.

BY JOHN A. JOYCE.

In the midst of old times I am thinking, As the twilight envelops the day, And Hesperus is blinking and winking, While the glory of Sol melts away.

The shadow of Homer is near me, As it was when I thought as a boy; I feel that he pauses to hear me While reciting the glories of Troy.

And Horace and Shakspeare and Byron, And Virgil and Goldsmith and Poe— My soul with ecstasies environ As I dream of the lost, long ago.

I ponder again with old Plato, Thophrastus, Solon and Thales, Demostrius, Socrates, Zeno, And words still resound on the gales.

The masters of long vanished ages In their perished battalions march by, And hold out clean classical pages, Bright as stars in a tropical sky.

And the muses are sporting and blending Where Apollo is tuning his lyre, With Bacchus and Hebe attending The Olympian god's circling choir.

O, let me forever cormingle With the gods and the heroes of thought, And toil in the mountains and dingle Where proud manhood has struggled and wrought.

THE EFFECT OF EXAMPLE.

It was This That Caused Two Men to Change Their Names.

"Example is a great teacher, even in the wild and woolly West," remarked a Montana man, "and I recall an incident of the effect of an eastern custom which was brought into Montana some years ago, but is not yet popular. I am glad to say, I refer to the parting of a human name in the middle. We have a few specimens, but as far as I know none is indigenous. But to the force of example. When Montana was a territory J. S. Crosby of New York was appointed Governor, and Mr. Crosby wrote his name 'J. Schuyler Crosby.' In the course of time Gov. Crosby made Henry R. Wilkins his private secretary, and it wasn't a great while before Mr. Wilkins became H. Brady Wilkins. The condition of affairs existed for some time longer, and a colored man around town by the name of Jim Collins got a job as janitor of the Governor's office. Collins's initials were J. H., and I'm shot, if it was 30 days after he cleaned the office the first morning before he was signing his name 'J. Hanson Collins.'"

Another Anglo-Faxin Resemblance.

Leeds's Weekly.

England has its peace party composed of men like William Stead, Dr. Joseph Parker, Frederic Harrison, and others, who are declaring that England is committing a crime in using force against the Boers.

A correspondent of the London Daily News, who claims to be a large number of his countrymen, says that England is being pushed and dragged through the mud by "a mob of greedy speculators and corrupt thieves," and that all a "conspiracy to grab more gold." The letter is sprinkled with such phrases as "low cunning and vulgar eudisidness" and "hypocrisy and avarice." Even so gifted and cultured a gentleman as Mr. Frederic Harrison, the essayist and biographer of Cromwell, rails bitterly against Chamberlain and the war party, and declares the war to be "mean and unjust," and aims to bring shame and reproach upon England.

All of which goes to show the kinship between us and our friends in the matter of our weaknesses as well as our virtues.

Extreme Case.

"I think my Uncle Jerry," said Aunt Mabel, "was the contraryest man I ever saw. I remember of his pickin' up a hot plate once when we was eatin' dinner, an' there wasn't no company at the house, nuther. An' what do you s'pose he done with it?"

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"Threw it at somebody?" conjectured one of the listeners.

"No. He held it in his hand till it blistered him."

"What did he do that for?"

"Cause anybody else would 'a' dropped it!"

His Changed Condition.

Tit-Bits.

A.—Isn't Smalley a lecturer?

B.—He was before his marriage.

A.—And now?

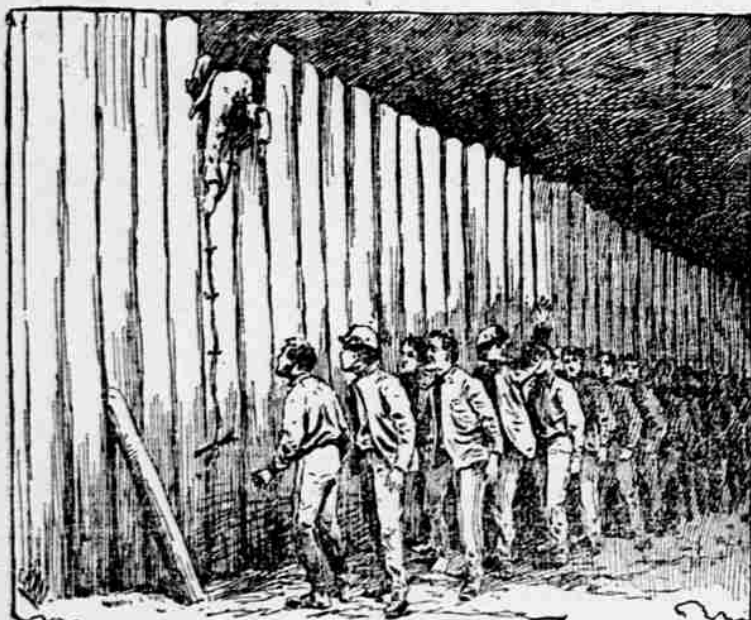
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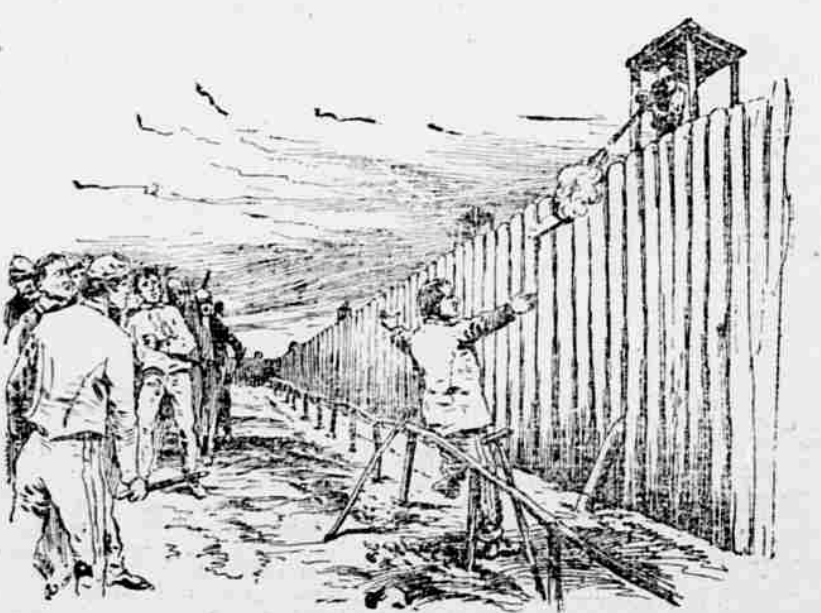
ESCAPE FROM THE STOCKADE.

IT is impossible, briefly, to give an adequate description of the scope and character of this immortal chapter in the history of the civil war. It deals with a great subject, and one little understood, because it was a tragedy enacted behind the scenes, obscured by the smoke of battle in front. While the public was kept daily informed of march and

boy was transformed into a soldier; will march with him over mountains and across rivers; will camp on the hillside and stand guard in the moonlight and in the rainstorm; will be with him as a videt in the lonely forest, and again in the wild charge, when, in the mountain-passes, he came face to face with the horsemen of the South.

The humorous, the pathetic, the preposterous, the extravagant phases of war are all told with the pen of a master. Finally comes grim battle, the defeat, the surrender, the traveling through the South as a prisoner of war; the experiences in Richmond prisons and at ghastly Belle Isle; then comes the climax in the prison stockade at Andersonville itself, with its 40,000 men, its poverty, its starvation, its death. All these things are told with the dramatic power of truth, and they are told as only they can be told by one who was there.

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